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FINEPRINT is published monthly to provide a positive image of gay men and women, that is both educational and informative.

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**Advertising Manager Edmonton/Calgary**
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(403) 482-6144
**Advertising Manager Vancouver**
Garnet Plum
(604) 687-7700

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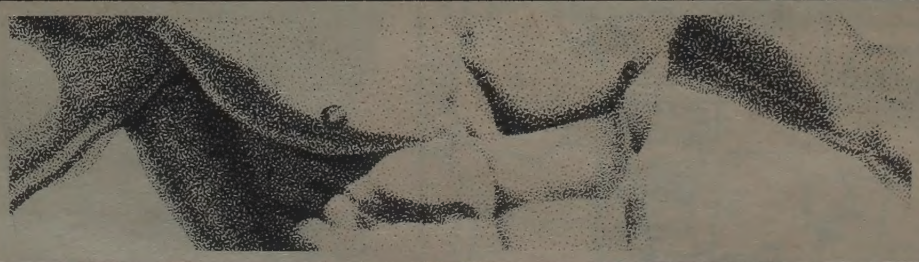

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# editorial

With the anticipation of summer comes the realization that for the next three months we can truly let loose and enjoy ourselves.

Fantasies in shorts and tank tops seem to come out of the woodwork to inhabit Oliver Pool, English Bay, Eighth Avenue Mall and just about every place imaginable. Time seems to stand still as we enjoy ourselves, our friends and our gay brothers and sisters.

Gay Pride Week shows us how truly proud we should be and the achievements and contributions our community has made. The positiveness in the air becomes an overwhelming intoxicant for all to imbibe.

Summer provides that one season to allow ourselves the hedonistic pleasures of decadence, outrageousness and total relaxation. A time to do whatever possesses you for as long as you like. The pace becomes slower in recognition of our desire to make the time last forever.

This is a time to be happy with ourselves. A treat for surviving another winter and a chance to escape from the normal confines of everyday existence.

It is a time to live. It is a time for us.

## SORRY WE'RE LATE!

Due to circumstances beyond our control (mainly lack of volunteer help) this issue was delayed.

## WE NEED YOUR HELP!

Writers (give it a try, it's not so hard!)
Paste-up (any graphic background will do!)
Illustrators (any doodlers out there?)
Advertising (a couple of friendly calls and coffee a month)
Distribution (We want your wheels!)

Come and join a super bunch of people. Call 488-8787 to get more information on becoming involved with something fun and worthwhile.

# alberta beef

DEAR EDITOR

We are glad your newspaper decided to print an article on incest. There are many myths surrounding incest and sexual abuse of children and we would like to thank Walter Cavalieri for doing research on this subject.

As workers in this field we would like to clarify a few of his points. When stating that boys that have incestuous relationships with their fathers do not act seductively towards their fathers, the author implies that daughters do..."a not uncommon occurrence in father-daughter incest..." We believe that most children, male or female seek emotional and physical closeness from their fathers. This, however, cannot be interpreted as an act of seduction. Such an argument was used, for instance, last year in a U.S. court, where a five year old was said to have seduced her father. We believe that society, because of its fear of female sexuality, has put women into two different categories, whores/promiscuous women or virgins/faithful mothers. If a girl has been sexually abused, society therefore finds it easier to blame the girl of being seductive rather than seeing the man as projecting his own sexual fantasies onto his daughter. Saying that the daughter might be seductive is implying that she is to blame, and not the offender.

Cavalieri also categorized mothers as being "submissive, compliant, and ultimately collusive" We believe this is an oversimplification. First let it be known that statistics from the Sexual Assault Centre of Edmonton show from the 1981 studies that 50% took immediate action and 20% took action at a later date. This leaves 30% that took no action at all. We cannot talk of submissiveness, compliancy and collusiveness without realizing that many of these women have been abused either emotionally and/or physically themselves and are often totally financially dependant of their husbands.

Some of these women have become this way as a result of their history and this has to be recognized.

Ultimately the battering of women and sexual abuse of children must lie with the offender, we don't think that women and children should take the blame for these offences. Statements like the above indirectly and subtly imply this.

Yours Sincerely
TANYA ADLER
MICHEL GAGNON
EDMONTON RUNAWAY PROJECT

Re: the above letter ... Adler and Gagnon will find verification of my use of the concept of child seductiveness in, among other texts, **The Broken Taboo**, by Drs. Blair & Rita Justice. The Justices are both clinicians. They based their book on a survey of 112 families in which incest had occurred. Seductiveness has 14 entries in their index, and there are numerous case studies. They point out that "in the last analysis it is the parent, regardless of how seductive or enticing a child behaves, who bears the responsibility for deciding whether to engage in incestuous relations." They also single out two periods when it is normal for children to act seductively toward parents — at the oedipal period, ages 3 to 6, and at the onset of adolescence. These were identified first by Freud and verified later by many developmental theorists.

As for the collusiveness of some mothers, again I quote from **The Broken Taboo**: "Although a number of mothers will deny any sex was going on between the daughter and the father, most are aware that on some level they contributed to the condition of making incest possible." Adler and Gagnon are correct in pointing out that many wives are beaten or browbeaten into tacit cooperation or into denying the situation for fear of losing financial support. But collusion is collusion, no matter what justification one employs.

An unbiased re-reading of my article should assure Adler and Gagnon that I do not condone incest. For the record, though it is not especially germaine to the article, I also do not condone battering or abuse of anyone...man, woman or child. I hope this clarifies any inferences they might have drawn.

— WALTER CAVALIERI

DEAR EDITOR

I have been watching with increasing admiration as each new issue of FINEPRINT arrives in Vancouver, and want to congratulate you on the production. Exciting graphics, interesting articles and an intelligent editorial policy make FINEPRINT a magazine I look for each month.

I hope you continue as strongly as you have started out. Let us know if there is anything we can do from Vancouver to help you grow in Alberta's gay community and in ours.

Yours,
RICHARD BANNER,
Production Co-ordinator
*VGCC News*

DEAR FINEPRINT "COOKS" —

Finally, a well-written, **professionally** organized paper primarily by and for the large homosexual community of western Canada. I read Vol. 1, No. 3 cover to cover and found a lot of very good information. Intelligently researched and **well** written. Other than Page 6 - "Is there love after lust" which tends toward the seemier "Blueboy" (Harlequin Romance.?) type of nonsense - the whole paper had a definite good quality to it. I sincerely hope you will contiune on this "right" side of objectivity and not get too carried away with overplaying **sexuality** as an issue. I have enclosed by endorsement of your next year's effort in the form of a cheque. I will also write to you should I feel I have something relevant to say. Please keep up your class-act-as an ex-Edmontonian (still love the Esks & Oilers), I can stir up the Edmonton-Calgary "feud" by proudly pointing out that Edmonton has really done it again with this courageous effort that really should reach the hearts and **MINDS** of the gays who aren't just "cruising" in the bars.

Good Luck
Your friend in Calgary
CAROLYN

DEAR EDITOR

Thank you for your interviews with Edmonton Theologians (vol 1, #3).

We all need some spiritual conviction, in such a materialistic milieu as ours, and too few such articles appear in our press - this is not a criticism of your fine paper!

Best Wishes
J. HARRIS
VANCOUVER

P.S. I am not Jewish but no doubt you should include an interview with a Rabbi - next issue? It would be useful to hear his view.

A membership club...
where friends meet...
old and new

# the Roost
A Private Club

## Dates to remember- JUNE

**7** (Tues) **BOY'S NITE OUT**
-remember to put your entries in for the Door Prize!

**8** (Wed) **GIRL'S NITE**
- featuring *Lady Tattoo and Lady Godiva* in a comically sensual revue

**14** (Tues) **-Flag Day** (U.S. Holiday)
-a salute to our southern neighbors feature guest artist *Mandingo* (11p.m.)

**15** (Wed) **GIRL'S NITE**

**19 Father's Day**
- remember DAD-yours or someone else's ...

**21** (Tues) **BOY'S NITE**
**-First Day ofSummer**
-planted your pansies yet? Well plant them with us, tonight!

**22** (Wed) **GIRL'S NITE**
-entertainment to be announced

**23 Gay Pride Week**
-watch posters for week-long events

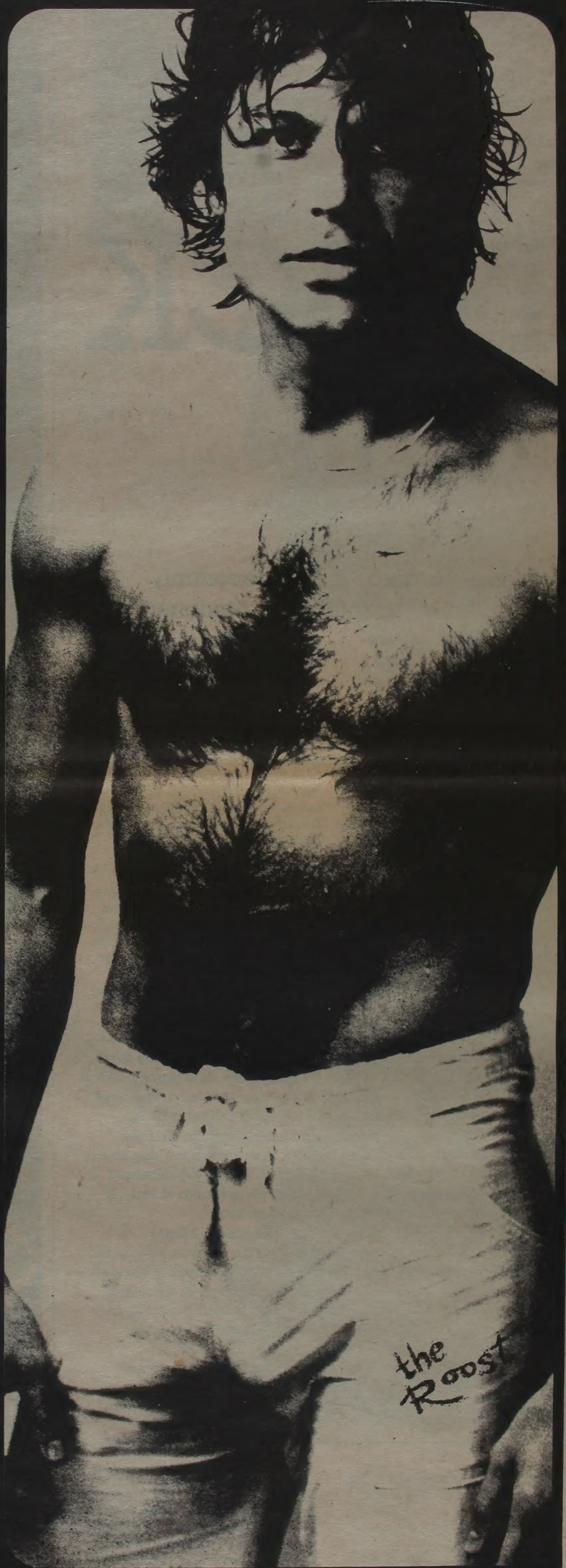
**24 St. Jean Baptiste Day** (Quebec Holiday)...kiss a frenchman for fun and/or french kiss a fun man

**25** (Sat) **BUCK NITE**
-draft beer

**28** (Wed) **GIRL'S NITE**

**29** (Tues) **BOY'S NITE**
-draw for Door Prize and featuring *Damian* (11p.m.)

**30** (Thur) **BUCK NITE**
-draft beer plus a show (11p.m.)



# TRACK III

by Brian W. Chittock

## Edmonton, like Toronto, is fast becoming a victim of "institutional contempt".

A term coined by Margaret Atwood in describing her feelings of the Police raids in Toronto on four bath houses in 1981. But the institutional contempt we are feeling in Edmonton is much more subtle, and is not as sophisticated or well executed as that in Toronto. Perhaps this relates to the level of sophistication of our Police Department, Mayor and City Hall Administration.

Edmonton City Hall, unlike Calgary or Vancouver, possesses many homophobic feelings that appear to be pretty much based in religion. The signs are there. They were there prior to the Pisces Bath raids that followed three months after Toronto's.

The Toronto Police Department has long since viewed their Gay Community as a criminal element. You can bet the Edmonton Police Department views our Gay Community in the same vein. They have not reached the point of raiding private homes here in Edmonton. They have not laid pornography charges on Western Canada's Gay Newsmagazine. The outright harassment private individuals and the Body Politic suffered has not reached that level in Edmonton, yet. But, it will happen. It is predictable. And when they do, will we be prepared?

In an article, elsewhere in this issue, Grayson Sherman writes of an apparent memo circulating around City Hall and the Police Department, a memo outlining the Mayor's desire to have this city cleaned up of gays for Universiade. Yet, on May 12, 1983, the Mayor issued the following press release:

**"Alberta's source of strength in developing into one of the most progressive provinces in the country, has been its diversity. And I refer here to cultural, social and economic diversity. We have built upon a solid and deep respect for each other's values.**

**"I would like to state publically and emphatically, that we cannot tolerate the examples of bigotry that have been displayed recently. Each of us has a responsibility to be very concerned about these statements, and regard them as potential threats to the fundamental values of our entire community.**

**"Discrimination on the basis of race, language, ethnic background, religion, age, economic status or sex, is simply not acceptable. The educational system needs to be flexible enough to allow a diversity of ideas, but objective enough to deal with history accurately. The school boards need to be conscious of and sensitive to, the challenges facing them in the area of discrimination of any type.**

**"I ask that all Edmontonians join me in condemning these actions, and that each of us accept a personal responsibility to ensure it is not happening elsewhere. It is essential we contain such bigotry, no matter who the target."**

The Mayor's last statement is one of the most interesting things he's had to say in his entire political career. I wonder if His Worship really understands what he has said? Are Edmontonians going to join his anti-bigotry campaign even against the Gay Community?

"Discrimination is simply not acceptable", he states. Why then, Mr. Mayor, has there been an increase in police surveillance of the gay bars? In a recent survey of straight and gay discos and bars in Edmonton, I discovered that the police rarely visit most of the straight clubs in this city. Yet on any given Friday or Saturday night you will find from two to four uniformed police officers cruising the patrons at Boots, Roost and Flashback. And these visits have been on the increase for the past month.

What are they looking for? Who are they after? Why are they hassling the gays? Why are we such a threat to the establishment? After all, gays only make up about 10% of the population and in actuality, only about 4% of that total are visible gays who frequent the clubs.

And what was really behind the Pisces raid two years ago, Mr. Mayor? A blatant, unequivocable public demonstration of bigotry, discrimination in its worst form. Discrimination

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN WILDER

by the Edmonton Police Department and the Judiciary system in this city.

Where were your values then Mr. Mayor?

Well, despite press releases and the political jargon that spumes forth from City Hall from time to time, we know that we are not included in any anti-discrimination remarks. We know that we, as gay citizens, do not have any legal rights or protection under the Canadian Human Rights Charter. But we are citizens first, and as such, are protected under the Constitution and all other areas of the Human Rights Charter. We know we have the freedom of speech and the freedom to organize and vote, all legally. And we know that that's what we have to do. We do not have to become another Track Two. And if we think, plan and organize cooperatively, we will not become Track Three.

And even though we are a perceived threat and as such, a criminal element, we will not fight back as criminals, We must fight back as honest, law-abiding citizens that we are. END

**EDITORS NOTE:**

**April 20, 1983, the Back Door Sauna was raided by Toronto Police. 1,000 gays and lesbians marched in protest with the gays clearly the winners.**

# So you want to be a Lesbian in Vancouver...

by Cindy Filipenko
Freelance writer from Vancouver

**As I walk around town with my trendy knapsack I sometimes wonder if I'm being a parody or merely comfortable. I have yet to utilize the ski and sea landscape of the city serially, but perhaps one day a friendly Edmontonian will inspire me to do so.**

Somewhere in a suburban high school I found myself in senior year sitting in the girl's counsellor's office having a life crisis. After a half hour of sweating, hiding under the pretense of wanting to put my academic ventures on hold, I admitted that my basic problem was my sexuality.

My counsellor's attitude floored me.

"So you want to be a lesbian in Vancouver, last week you wanted to be a pediatrician in El Salvador..."

When I met her lover I understood why she had been so blase.

Armed with half a Communications degree, a copy of Rubyfruit Jungle, a few Meg Christian tapes and wearing one earring I made my way into the infamous West End. The legend of the working writer was born in a less than trendy studio apartment where Swedish modern accent pieces fought for space with everyone else's garbage. And for two months I became the lesbian equivalent of Mary Tyler Moore; complete with tacky hide-a-bed and full bar sans mixers.

After the fantasy became boring (read: Mommy and Daddy's 'moving out' money ran out) and the realities of survival hit, the dynamics of living in the West End changed. It was no longer economically feasible to go out six nights a week. So I turned my attention to coffee bars, places where my best friend, Ken, and I would make snotty commentary on the gay community.

These endless bitch sessions over endless cups of coffee resulted in some interesting observations.

"Remember when we were kids in high school and croissants were still Pop'n'Fresh crescent rolls".

I laughed, but it was true. We were two suburban babies trying to assimilate into the big city gay scene.

ILLUSTRATION BY CINDY FILIPENKO

The revelation came in the form of our discovery that there was more to life than the bars. Bars, we decided, were places people loved to hate, environments designed to keep mirror makers, fashion designers and disco singers from becoming unemployed. It was with this sense of petit Marxist superiority that we investigated the possibility of focusing our energies on alternative gay groups (read: collectives). The problem with collectives was usually to be found in their names. More often than not, their names were so long that we had difficulty figuring out what their political stance was. The Bisexual Bilingual Bi-cultural Ambidextrous Women's Collective was such a group. Was it a reality, a necessity in Vancouver or someone's idea of wit? We only ever saw their name sprayed on the fence of a construction project. Not to be discouraged, we both entered collectives, only to find that any three people with the same interest were in the running to obtain a government grant for the embetterment of their collective.

Our proposal to the Canada Council was rejected. Perhaps they just weren't ready for a group whose main function was to collect enough money to do sociological exploration of Provinceton and Fire Island. Looking back I think we would have had a better chance if we would have picked off-peak season months for our study. There was no denying it, we were as fascinated with the bars as anyone else, but we were too intellectually conditioned to accept it without political justification.

Wanting to find the niche became an obsession. We needed social interaction, wanted political conscience and acceptance. One morning we were walking downtown and discovered a quaint little bookstore. Any book with Gay, Lesbian or Closet in its title was snatched up. We exchanged books, thoughts and ideas...the path was becoming clearer. All the things we had sought in other people and in groups were things we needed in ourselves.

Where we had once been disgusted we were now amused. We had come to an important stage in our evolution...we could not be honest with ourselves.

Vancouver was suddenly a great place to be gay. Virtually every service required by homosexuals was available and a tolerant middle-class made it easy to avoid the militant right-wing factions who had posed threats to gays elsewhere. The bars were bars, the experience dependent on the attitude of the patron; the collectives were doing interesting things and the bookstores were sources of pertinent information.

Political correctness is not the be all and end all of everything. It's like a diet...sometimes you slip up. Being human means making nasty comments about all those that may be human also. Just last week I found myself making a nasty comment about an ex-lover who had theoretically, "Hung up her plaid shirt to catch the perfect man..." Bullshit,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

# ACROSS THE ABYSS

FICTION

by Ken Hawrishok

Inspired by a cacophonous surge of sound, the dancers seethed with frenzied motion. An undulating mass of jerking, twitching, swaying humanity enjoying the latest club hit, a veritable orgy of rhythm with moronic repetitive lyrics. Perfect for creating a hundred physical fantasies of cadence, glitter, and sweat shot with strobe.

From the sidelines the crowd looked on with amusement. Dancers ching to be out with the heaving ck; others enjoying the spectacle, nternalizing the incessant beat. Some walked up and down, stopping here and there to chat. Everywhere glances feinting and jabbing, hungry eyes seeking a spark of interest; the night warriors vibrant and alive on the cruising ground.

An hour after he'd arrived, Lance could feel his optimism fading away. He had hoped desperately tonight would prove to be an exception; but w, mistakably, he could admit the stirring of boredom and despair. Too experienced to believe in fairy tales, still he sought something vital and refreshing. A 'someone', obviously, to share the limelight of his ambient eams. An emotional encounter to vate his being here to something lightfully more than an exercise in ality and stale air.

aintly annoyed, he pushed at a k lock of tawny blond hair and ed the men nearby with his ice yes. They were all here; the ons and the hangers-on; the nd the observing; the truly t and the 'Johnny-one-timers' ling to be. Many should have nds; but he'd learned bitter lessons that most were acquaintances incapable of ete friendships. Where was the in them? In himself? This le? No doubt in all three. e could not handle betrayal and tion. The result was a well of resentment and deepening r with the passing of years. Gay hers indeed! What a vapid joke. , naively, he had hoped so much ight would be better.

Chad bounded up the stairs into ne lobby to the admission wicket. His two companions, who were lovers, arrived behind him, hard pressed to keep up. Friends in high school, they had brought Chad here a few weeks earlier, helping him to 'come out'. Since then they'd been amazed at how smoothly and joyously their friend had adapted to an active, openly gay lifestyle. He revelled in the freedom with an open-minded naturalism that was rare.

The air throbbed with the hypnotic beat of a Giorgio Moroder track as Chad made his way through the crowd to the edge of the dancers. His rush of exhilaration from the sounds and sights was coupled with the undeniable feeling of being 'home free'. A warm security that he felt here among his own kind with the music and lights charging the scene with fantasy.

This dancing place offered an escape from the world outside, if only for a few hours. Elsewhere the dismay of parents and relatives; the hypocritical pronouncements of so-called Christians; the myopic opinions of supposedly educated medical people could discourage and oppress. Here supporting gay men and women could, by weight of numbers and strength of conviction, help a person to accept and grow. Gay brothers indeed! What an inspiration. Already he could feel tonight would have a touch of magic.

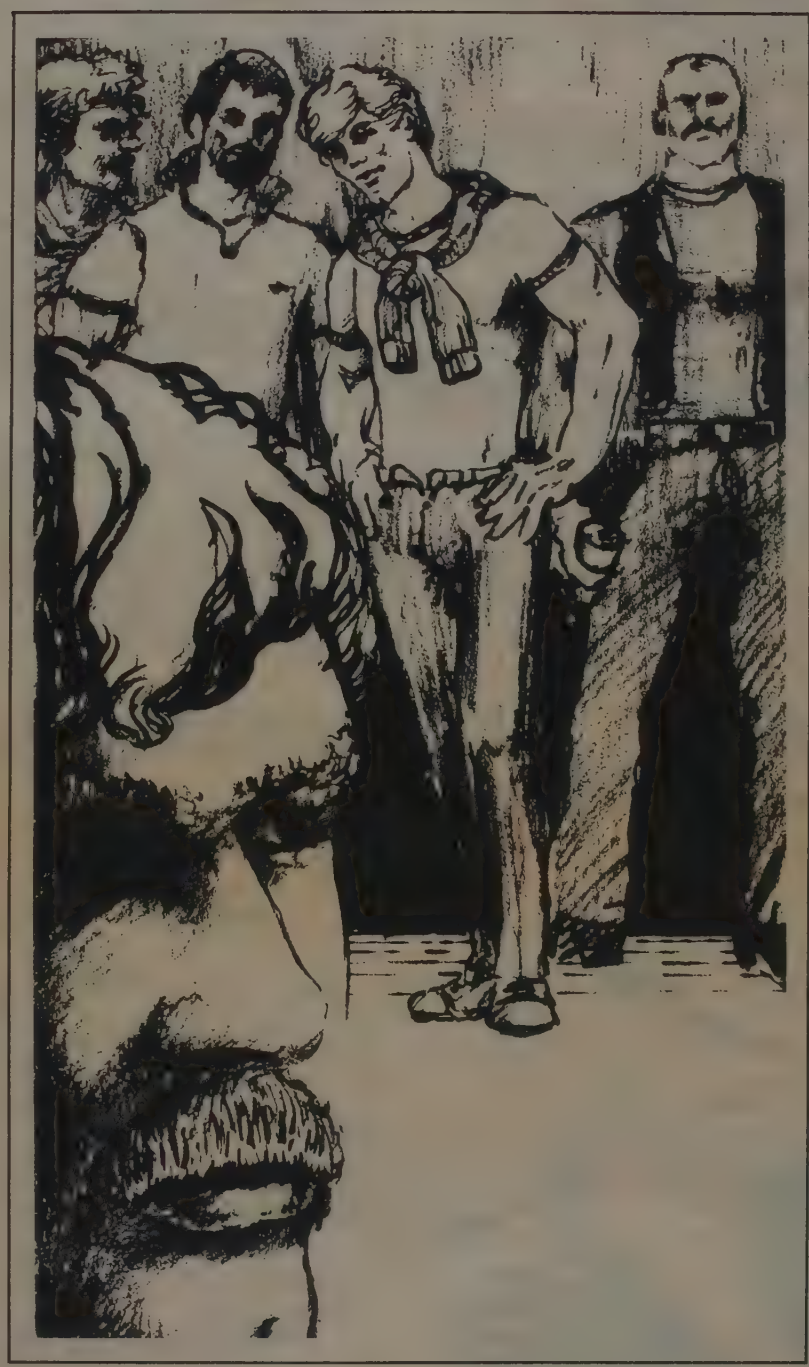


ILLUSTRATION BY GENE KEITH

A couple of arms around his waist from behind added flesh to the scene. A buddy as mad to dance as was he himself. Scarcely a minute after admission, Chad was thrusting and swaying out on the floor, basking in the lights, blending with the rhythm, nothing in life at the moment more important than this physical celebration of being alive.

One face in particular followed Chad's gyrations carefully. Out of the gloomy reverie of his introspection, Lance had come to full alertness at the appearance of the young man. The first reaction was purely sensual fired by the sight of a well proportioned medium build with wide shoulders and a torso tapering to a trim waist. 'Buns' and thighs as perfect and inflammatory to a gay man as those of a gymnast caused an undeniable stirring at Lance's crotch. He was at once amused and intrigued. Very rarely, if ever, did this motley collection of tired bodies set off such a spontaneous reaction. 'Oh well' he thought 'when the kid turns around he'll no doubt have a face like an E.T. reject. So much for the body! But when Chad did turn around, the heat in Lance's thighs moved up his body like the flow of lava.

Chad's eyes were huge and wide set. The arching flair of heavy brows gave him the expression of cat-like inquisitiveness. He had a way of grinning conspiratorially at his partner as he danced. His smile was perfect: bright straight teeth; full sensuous lips topped by a trim dark moustache. Altogether the kind of guy one would like to hug for an eternity. Passion personified.

Chad could feel eyes upon him. A tenuous thread of telepathy caused him to look away to the sidelines where Lance's intense stare met him like an electric shock. A tall blond man with an unmistakable aura of masculinity. A 'hunk' as they say. And older. Already Chad could say he was attracted to the older guys. His young friends were fine for chumming around; but for intimacy he preferred the security of a strong pair of arms belonging to a man with some experience of life. The ultimate 'big brother' for a young gay male. Someone especially like the owner of those sapphire eyes. 'Now isn't this an interesting development?' he mused. Consciously now, he began to watch his poise and be creative with his dance. Every now and then he'd look up, always to be met by Lance's absorbing gaze.

'How are you?' A low voice to one side snapped Lance back to reality. It was Jay wanting to dance. An intriguing guy in his own right, Jay was one of the people here who might have, should have been a friend. But the interest seemed to extend only to the dance floor with Jay hardly acknowledging him elsewhere. An abortive friendship; but a compatible dancer. Lance moved out to perform, consciously moving to a spot beside Chad. He hoped he was not being too obvious in his observation of the young 'Cat Man'. He'd already fondly named him. He glanced at Jay. No feelings to be hurt there as Jay was gazing about obliviously, his body lost in the pulsating flow of sound as usual. Up close Chad was even more devastating. His body strained and flowed to the music with an awareness of Lance's interest. Shamelessly Lance undressed him with his fierce blue eyes. The thrum of the speakers and flashing colors heightened the fantasy.

But this high couldn't last. This was pleasant illusion only. Lance began to feel aware of the silliness of it all. The spastic twitching, the macho posturing, the feelings obscured by the game they were playing. A chasm between them far greater than the mere inches separating their steaming bodies. Abruptly he brought the dancing with Jay to a halt, retreating to the sidelines to hold up his familiar area of the bar.

His body finally demanding a break, Chad left off as well. He was careful to take up a spot within clear sight of the big blond man. He enjoyed the fire in his veins; the rush that flared when their eyes met. This was high gear cruise. Gay instinct soon educated the novice. Chad intended to stay close, hoping the other would approach him. And so the evening wore on, give or take a few trips to the bar, a few dances, talking with others.

Lance was aware of Chad staying near. It was a painful recognizance. It would be so nice to know him, hold him, love him. 'Probably just a young tease with nothing better to do,' thought Lance. 'Why doesn't he come over and talk? Why don't I go

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

# FRAGMENTS OF A MEMORY... TWO FRIENDS

by Walter Cavalieri

**Man finds himself by finding his place, and he finds his place by finding appropriate others that need his care and that he needs to care for.**

I met Fred when I was in university in Boston. He was a mature student, dabbling in theatre. He lived in the basement of a brownstone on Beacon Hill, where he tended a lab for several doctors in exchange for rent. It was a musty place, full of test tubes in oak racks, mysterious file cabinets and Dickensian medical equipment. But it was warm and cozy, and there was always tea or wine and biscuits.

Fred was about 50 years old, and everyone's mother. He was short, pudgy, black, British and openly gay — which was quite a daring thing to be in 1952. His claim to fame — and he exploited it outrageously — was that he had been Humphrey Bogart's valet. Indeed, only recently I saw a Bogart film in which Fred played that role.

Fred was one of the dearest people I have ever met. He let me talk. He let me cry. He was the first man I ever let hold me. He told me I was gay and that it was alright for me to be gay. I didn't — or couldn't — believe him. He told me, too, that he'd like to have sex with me, that he would wait until I asked him. Because he was a "gentleman" — and I was a fool — we never did. Toward the end, he told me I was running so fast he couldn't keep up with me. I didn't understand then, but I do now.

We lost touch so many years ago! Where are you now, Fred? I want to tell you that I love you...that you are part of me...that you were wise and right. I want to thank you for being who you were ...for being there when I needed you. I always meant to tell you these things, but I never did.

I met Gary in Illinois, where I had gone to continue my graduate program. Between Fred and Gary I had experienced a marriage, a divorce and the Army. I had read the **Kinsey Report** and **A Generation of Vipers** and had participated in a few furtive, frightened homosexual encounters.

We were both students, Gary and I, and he was everything I ever wanted to be: exuberant, forever boyish, sensitive, straight, uncomplicated, friendly, befriended, a romantic. We shared many outlandish besotted adventures, as we careered from bar to bar throughout Chicago's "Near North."

I remember the excitement of my first Thanksgiving at Northwestern University. There were no classes. Gary invited me to stay the weekend at his place, and we made a pot roast from a recipe we got from the wife of Evanston's Fire Chief, who we had met at a pub. It would have been delicious, but we burnt it. We laughed and cried over it. A silly, beautiful memory. God, I loved him! But I never told him.

By Christmas, we decided to move in together, and, for a year and a half, our lives wove closer and closer. We worked together, studied together, went off to summer stock together, taught together, threw parties. As a matter of fact, our lives were one continuous, joyous, drunken party.

Where were we running?

Gary and I remained friends f nearly 20 years, until he comm suicide. He called me from California, where he was livin talked for about an hour, made plans. It was wonderful. Like c times. We were going to spe summer together in New York. he hung up, went into the garac and shot himself. I had no idea.. was married then, and had three teenage kids.

A couple of years after he got married, Gary visited me in New York. We got pretty pissed. It wa our form of communion, I think. When Gary got pissed, he lost caution. I, however, always remained in control. Anyway, he told me he was having an affair with one of his students. It was a beautiful affair, full of tenderness and tears. He told me, too, that this woman — I've forgotten her name — was moving to New York in a few months and that he wanted me to get to know her, to love her as he did, and to have sex with her. He was serious about this. It was something he had thought out. He told me that he loved me and that he knew I loved him...but that we were both men and could never be really intimate... that the closest thing to intimacy that we would ever be able to attain was through this woman, who we both could love and share. We will love through her, he seemed to be saying, because we can't love each other the way we ought to.

There were things I didn't say to you that night, Gary. Or ever. And I must say them now. I admired you,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN WILDER

# fineconversation An Interview with John Reid by Scott McConnell

John Reid, owner of the popular nightclub Flashback is a familiar and well-respected member of the gay community. Mr. Reid was interviewed recently by FINEPRINT.

**FINEPRINT:** How did Flashback first get started?
**JOHN REID:** It started with a group of five people in 1974. We felt that gays deserved more than what Club 70 had to offer. We wanted gays to be more accepted than they were. To have a more positive environment. I remember playing the music at Club 70 and having rocks thrown at me through the back window. Before that, there was a juke box in the middle of the dance floor. By late evening (when most gay men seem to come alive) the juke box had been plugged up with polkas and waltzes by the dykes.
**FINEPRINT:** What was Flashback like in the early days?
**JOHN REID:** We started out on Jasper Avenue downstairs from the Hot Box Restaurant. We used to give away beer on Friday nights with the price of admission. We had a non-profit society status so we had to keep using special function permits from the ALCB.
**FINEPRINT:** How did you make money?
**JOHN REID:** We didn't! For four years it was a fight to pay rent and a fight to pay staff. You don't make money off the bar with a special function permit.
**FINEPRINT:** When did things start to change?
**JOHN REID:** We had an application in with the ALCB for a year for a permanent licence. Business developed as we could afford it. We opened the new club on 104 St. with $800 in the bank!
**FINEPRINT:** What is your reaction to people complaining about the number of 'straights' in the club?
**JOHN REID:** I am hurt that people would feel that way. Flashback provides a repertoire of clientele that can't be denounced. A healthy repertoire. Everyone here is of legal age to drink and one way or another someone has taken responsibility for non-members to be in the club. Any hassles that I have encountered have been from the gays not the straights.

Flashback is a place for human beings to accept one another. It is a place for those questioning their sexuality to feel comfortable in. An outlet that's easier to come out in. When I started Flashback, I wanted to give every individual the right to party and bring in anyone they wanted to party with. When you want parity in a society, you can't expect total privacy.

**FINEPRINT:** What does Flashback mean to you?
**JOHN REID:** I remember the first day I walked into a gay club. I was totally intimidated by the people on the door. Inside the gays were full of bitterness and sour tastes for what they felt straights had done to them. The great proportion of this was self-induced.

If my roommate at that time had told me that in 5 years Flashback would be on street level in Edmonton, with one of the largest spaces of any club, and that I would be able to quit teaching...I just wouldn't have believed it. It's amazing what you can pull off if you put your mind to it.

**FINEPRINT:** Like putting out a gay newspaper in Edmonton?
**JOHN REID:** Exactly! Touche!

**FINEPRINT:** What is your involvement now with the club?
**JOHN REID:** There is now a Board of Directors that meets regularly. I am Chairman of the Board and the general manager of the club.

**FINEPRINT:** Where do you want Flashback to go?
**JOHN REID:** To own its own building so we don't have to pay so much goddamned rent! We have an advantage being right downtown and that has helped us get where we're going.
**FINEPRINT:** Could you survive on gay income alone?
**JOHN REID:** No, not with the way things are now. Perhaps if we were smaller. It will take a lot of time to depend on the gay dollar in this city. We have a faithful clientele that I appreciate but it's not enough to pay the bills.
**FINEPRINT:** How do you account for the Roost's success on the gay dollar?
**JOHN REID:** The Roost is a smaller place. We employ 20 people both full and part-time. Our overhead is higher. We are a viable, functioning business, not just a weekend function anymore.

PHOTO BY GARY DEVERE

**FINEPRINT:** Are you a business or a community service?
**JOHN REID:** Definitely a community service. We have a very strong core of people that has helped us along the way. Our doors are always open to community events. We are a large part of the gay community and want to see it prosper and become more accepted in any way possible.

**FINEPRINT:** Do you anticipate any problems during Universiade?
**JOHN REID:** We've always had a good rapport with the police and the ALCB. I'm being very optimistic in saying that I don't believe there will be any problems, although word has it there could be. There has been nothing official said to us.
**FINEPRINT:** Will the club ever be finished?
**JOHN REID:** I don't know. I don't think it will ever be finished. It's taken a few dance floors to get one that serves both the drag queens for their shows as well as the dancers. It has taken 8 years to get the sound we want. No, I don't think the club will ever be exactly as we want it to be. END

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# FUCKIN' PESTS

by Grayson Sherman

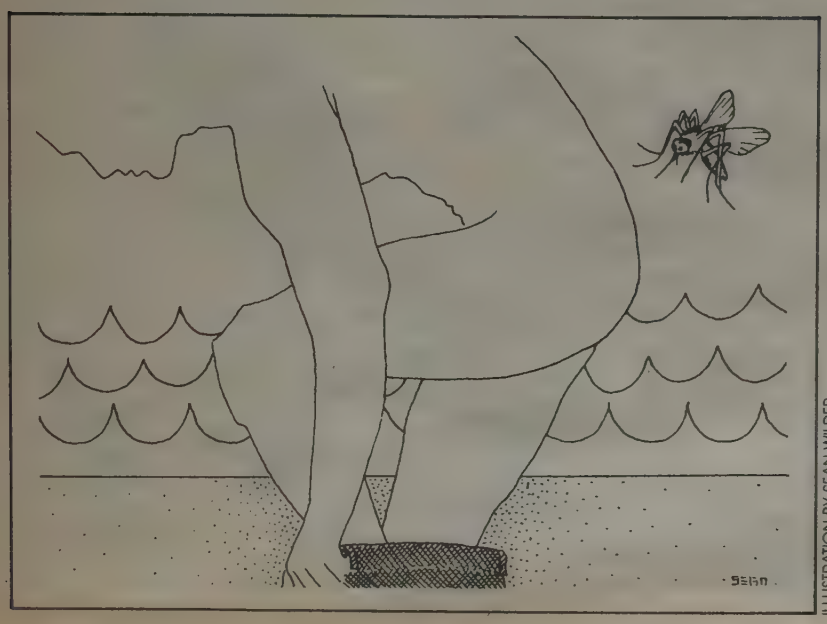


ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN WILDER

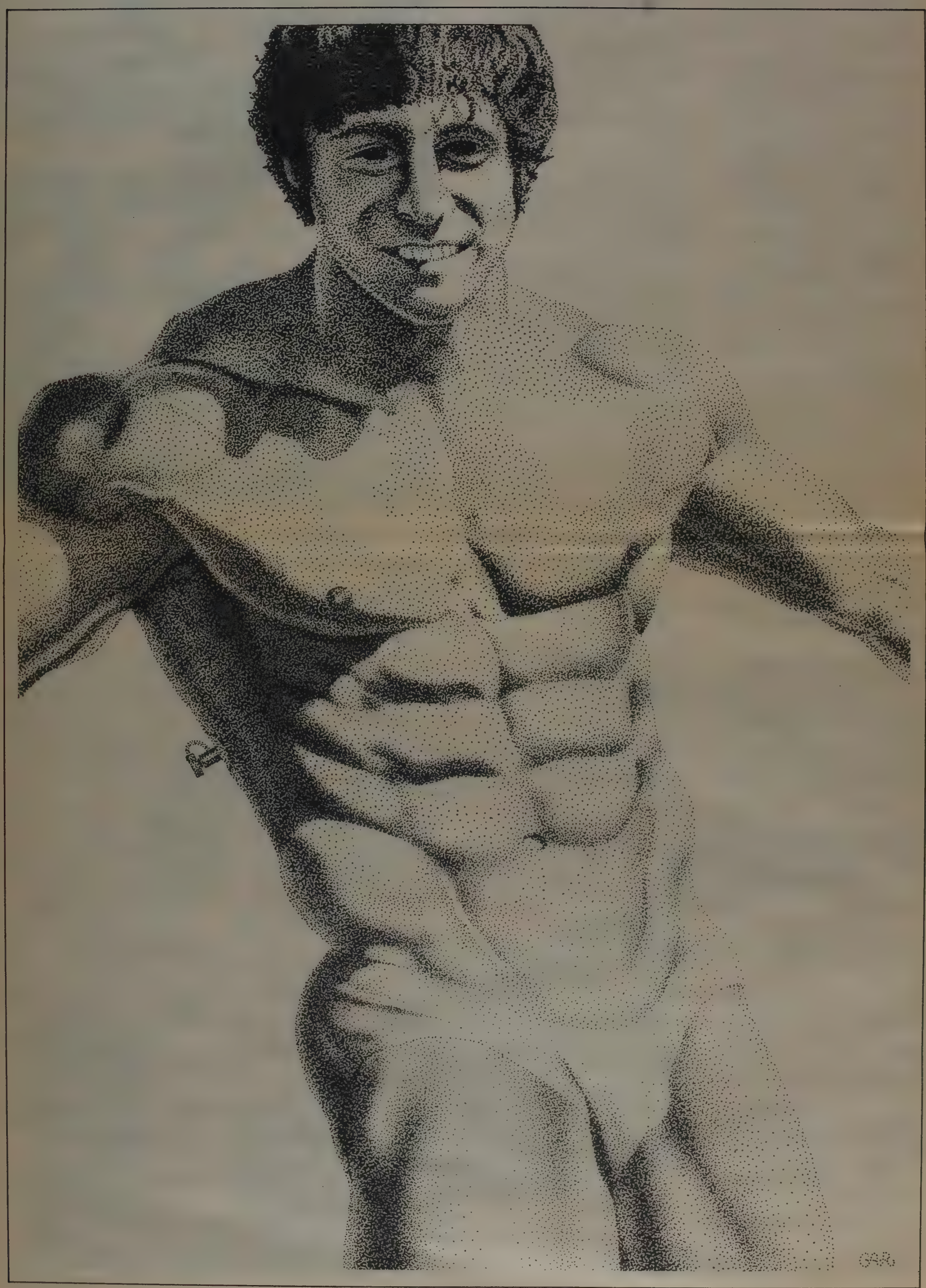
Synonymous with summer are mosquitoes, those irritating little creatures that prove to be a constant source of annoyance, (not to be confused with your neighbour's children.) After just one out-of-doors soiree your body is apt to resemble a topographical relief map of the moon. For instance, scenario: you have a hot trick over, you are in the throes of passion, you are about to come. Then there is that all too familiar sound in your ear. No, it is not your paramour whispering sweet nothings; it is a mosquito doing the 1812 Overture. Now I ask you, who can effectively find their G-spot with all this racket? If these creatures could be trained to buzz dirty that would be another matter.

However, do not despair. There is relief in sight. Good ole Mother Nature ("...she's a single woman too...") in her infinite wisdom, has devised a natural form of defense for gay men against mosquitoes; it is called AIDS. Assuming that, like most other creatures, mosquitoes are heterosexual, it is quite safe to assume that they would not dare touch, never mind bite, a homosexual for fear of contracting the "Gay Plague". If the Red Cross won't touch our blood what makes you think that any self respecting mosquito will?

As we are all aware, it is only the female of the species that will bite (mosquitoes, that is). If you are bitten, fear not, for you have little or nothing to fear. It is probably safe to assume that you have been bitten by a fag hag mosquito.

This subspecies of mosquito is most often sighted buzzing around large groups of hunky, scantily clad gay men, or at the most fashionable of parties on the arm of someone who is not the least bit interested in her but would not have gotten an invitation on his own. Unfortunately, these mosquitoes are usually the most annoying as they insist on going everywhere with you and won't leave you alone when you meet someone that you are interested in. So, beware this summer, don't bite off more than you can chew.

(Next month FINEPRINT will continue its series on insects and will present an article on how to pick out the queen in a hive full of bees.) END



# FINELINES

A PORTFOLIO BY VANCOUVER ARTIST
GERY RATZINGER

# GOOD GIRLS DON'T

by Coreen Douglas

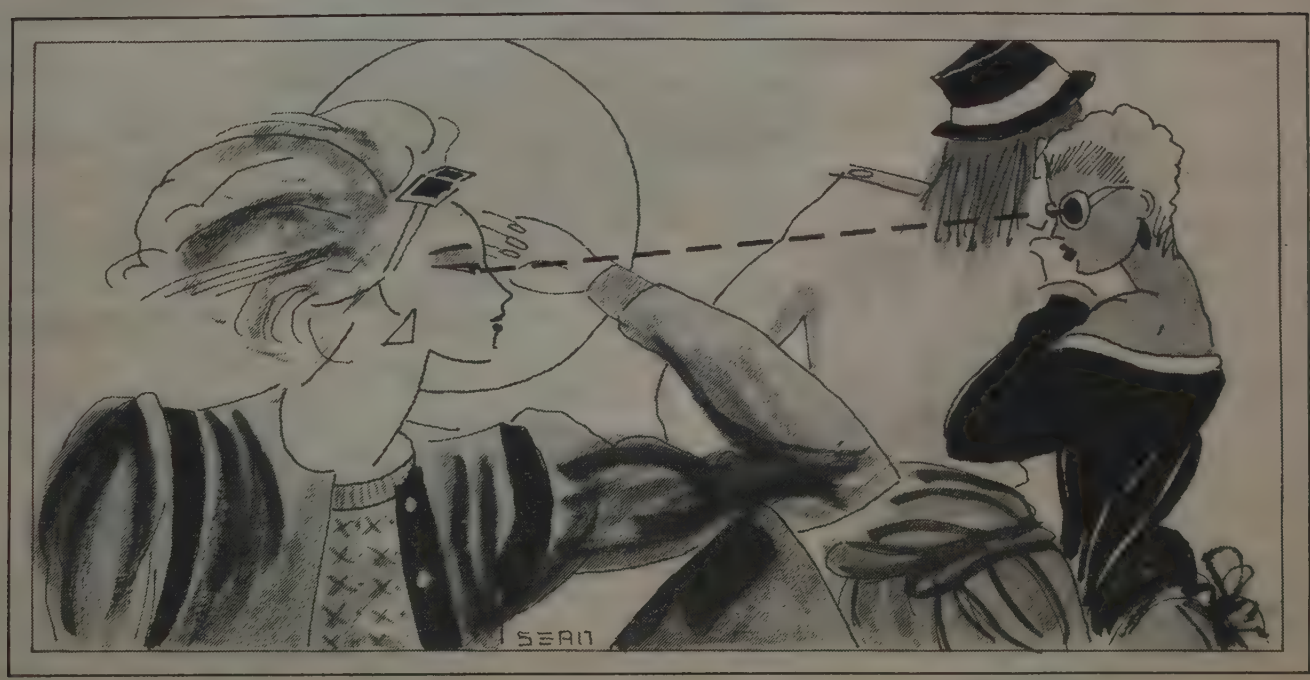



ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN WILDER

**Cruising. Tricking. One-night stands. Getting off. These terms are as much a sacrosanct part of gay men's lifestyle as motherhood and apple pie are to the moral majority.**

To the average, generic lesbian these terms mean little to how she conducts her life in general or her sexual lifestyle in particular. More accurately, terms like love, emotionality, commitment, permanence come to mind for gay women.

The difference in consciousness and practice between gay women and men in sexual matters is profoundly deep. It is an interesting and insightful issue to explore. Here's how it looks from a gay woman's point of view.

A sigh of relief is breathed by the 'new' lesbian just coming out. She has won a reprieve from the rigid, oppressive dating/sexual games of the heterosexual world. Games she never really fit into all along, anyway.

No longer will she have to play her role in the demeaning sexual bartering that goes on between men and women. Her body used and sexual favours delivered as payment for what she is conditioned to believe will ultimately lead her to fulfillment and happiness. The reward, or pay-off being LOVE, and if she is lucky — commitment, marriage, family, security.

No longer will she have to concern herself with the hazards of heterosexual sex, from dangerous birth control devices and drugs to unwanted pregnancy. The rigid roleplaying of the straight world, the sexual rules, taboos and double standards that have only ever applied to women can now be a thing of the past.

She is now free to create her own rules, attitudes, standards of conduct, morality — her own sexual personality. Or is she?

The real practices we develop in our sexual lives are probably a lot further from the ideal we had hoped for with the heady flush of freedom we felt when first coming out. We encounter a whole new set of problems and a few of the old ones as we begin to explore the unfamiliar territory of the gay world. Options that at first seemed limitless are on the contrary, it seems, few enough.

The first problem is, naturally enough, meeting other lesbians, as friends and/or as potential lovers. Even in the larger cities there is a paucity of bars, clubs, meeting places for women — certainly in comparison to places for gay men. Speculation as to why this is so ranges from women's disadvantaged financial situation in relation to men (ie: little capital to finance clubs) to the 'typical' lesbian lifestyle, which doesn't tend to centre around the bar scene, especially if she is "involved."

There are certainly no women's baths or well-populated cruising spots where lesbians can go to meet each other.

And the new lesbian soon realizes that the choices of sexual lifestyles available are fewer and more hazardous than she may have originally thought.

As she goes out and begins in an exploratory, casual way to get some sexual experiece, have some sexual adventures, she runs up against some confusing attitudes.

The idea, for example, that the act of making love with someone always requires, either as a pre-requisite or at least as an end-product, a deep, emotional commitment. This seemingly necessary scenario for many gay women, as a kind of justification for sex, often leads to problems.

First, it leads to a confusion over the difference between lust/infatuation with the more elusive emotion, love, which takes above all time as well as mutual understanding and experience to develop.

This seems to be a widespread phenomenon in the lesbian community. It's almost as if we need to excuse or absolve our sexual feelings by always tying it, at times like an albatross around our neck, to some deeper emotional purpose.

How reminiscent of the morality we were taught as young women. It was alright to 'give yourself' to your boyfriend as long as (a) you believed you loved him, (b) he said he loved you, (c) the promise of commitment and/or marriage would follow. It's amazing how we have been able to adapt, change the rules somewhat, but nevertheless, lug this moral baggage around with us.

Not surprisingly, this 'code of ethics' often leads to much unhappiness and many unmet expectations. It's not hard to conclude that this idea contributes to the many short-lived 'relationships' that spring up and fall apart before our eyes all the time. After all infatuation, perhaps called love in the first sexual flush of excitement, does tend to have a short lifespan.

Possibly, this is what leads many lesbians to impose upon themselves what virtually amounts to celibacy. On the one hand, waiting and 'saving herself' for her idea of the perfect Ms. Right to magically come into her life. Her sexuality not existing in and of itself, but coming to exist only when paired with this perfect partner who she feels a total emotional attachment to. Or, alternately becoming frustrated at attempts to have casual sexual encounters with women who *expect* instant vows of love and commitment afterwards.

It's not surprising that researchers into lesbian lifestyles have coined the term, homoemotionality, not homosexuality when referring to gay women.

Maybe we need to look at new ways of relating to each other.

Perhaps we need to start by openly admitting that lesbians do have sexual needs and desires, even lust. And that not every woman we are attracted to and may sleep with has those special, unique qualities that may develop into a long-term relationship. Understanding that we relate to people in different ways and on different levels is a complex, but necessary life skill. Some women we may connect with only as friends, others as occasional lovers, and a few as partners in committed relationships.

Maybe the sexual patterns gay men have developed are not for us. Anonymous sex. The instant, genital-oriented sex of the baths. Or the recreational tricking that is the mainstay of many gay men's lives. But perhaps we need to loosen up a bit, find a middle course.

That intimate, personal act of making love with another leads to a profound revealing of character and personality that must, after all, be a pre-requisite to developing something deeper with an individual. And if this revelation doesn't point to some longterm future with this person, is anything really lost? What is gained is a unique kind of communication with another person.

After all, these experiences along the way will help us learn what qualities we each uniquely need in the special relationship most of us hope to find.

As in any adult relationship there are risks involved. There is the potential of hurting someone or getting hurt. Perhaps we can deal with this by extending the honesty and trust that is implied in giving your body to another, to working out the inevitable emotional repercussions of this act. Maybe we can use this understanding to develop more fulfilled and happy sex lives and relationships. **END**

# Pulse

by Brian W. Chittock

Here comes summer! Time to enjoy being outdoors and frolicking in the sun, sand and sea. Time, also to be aware and watch out for those pesky and annoying hazards that come with the good weather.

For those of you who enjoy cruising the parks and woods, beware! **Poison Ivy**, oak and Sumac may be lurking in the bushes. The 'poison' is actually an oily substance known as urushiol present in all three plants. There is usually no reaction to poison ivy the first time one is exposed to it. However, a later exposure produces an acute, intensely itching, blister-like eruption on an inflamed base. Spreading usually occurs by direct transfer of the oily substance by the fingers from scratching. The fluid that oozes from the blisters is not contagious.

Poison ivy is easily recognized by its notch-edged leaves that grow in clusters of three. If you have been exposed to poison ivy, prompt washing of the skin with soap and water may remove the plant oils. Applying cool wet compresses or a paste of baking soda may help mild cases. Severe cases should have medical attention.

PRICKLY HEAT may be brought on by high temperatures due to a fever or hot perspiratory weather. The eruption usually consists of inflammatory pin-head-size lesions, accompanied by itching and burning sensations. By avoiding excessive heat, applying a dusting powder or soothing lotion and wearing light, loose clothing, you will find prickly heat disappears quite rapidly.

For those sun worshippers, a **sunburn** could end up being just what you didn't need. Gradual exposure to the sun definitely builds up protection. Many lotions and creams are available on the market that block the burning wavelengths of the sun. Some not only prevent burning, but tanning as well. For those of you unfortunate enough to end up with a sunburnt back, or worse, buns, ointments containing local anesthetics suffice for treatment of mild sunburn. More severe burns may require medical attention. And remember, too much sun over long periods of time may result in skin becoming prematurely aged with an unyouthful leatheriness. Is that great tan line really worth it?

Certain infections may become more prevalent during the summer months due to increased perspiration and moisture such as jock itch (Tinea cruris) and yeast infections. **Jock itch** is a superficial fungus infection confined to the inner surface or upper parts of the thighs, where moisture, warmth and friction allow for the growth of the fungus. Itching is usually pronounced and treatment consists of applying a fungizone lotion and keeping the area dry.

**Yeast infections** flourish in moisture from increased sweating or prolonged immersion in water. It may appear in the skin around the nails, angles of the mouth, folds of the skin, or around the anal and genital regions in which case, itching is a predominant symptom. Gentian Violet solutions or a topical fungizone lotion or cream may be used to alleviate the infection.

**Parasitic infections** seem to occur more frequently in the summer as well. Pediculosis pubis, affectionately known as **crabs**, is an infestation of the short hairs of the pubic region by pubic lice. There is intense itching but very little dermatitis. The lice may be transmitted through sexual intercourse, by wearing clothes of an infected person or by sleeping in an infected bed. Kwell, Cuprex, Topicide or a variety of other preparations will eradicate the lice easily. Clothing, bedding, etc. should be well laundered.

**Scabies**, commonly called the itch, is a female itch mite that burrows a tunnel in the top layer of the skin and lays her eggs. The skin areas most commonly infected are the waistline, buttocks, finger webs and elbow and underarm areas. A prolonged hot bath followed by the application of a scabidice ointment cures scabies promptly.

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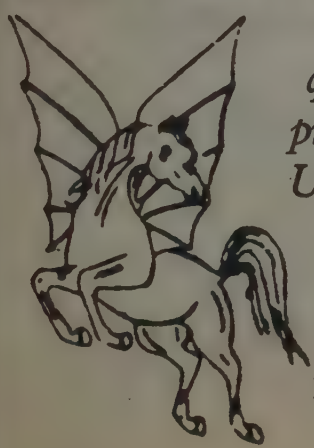

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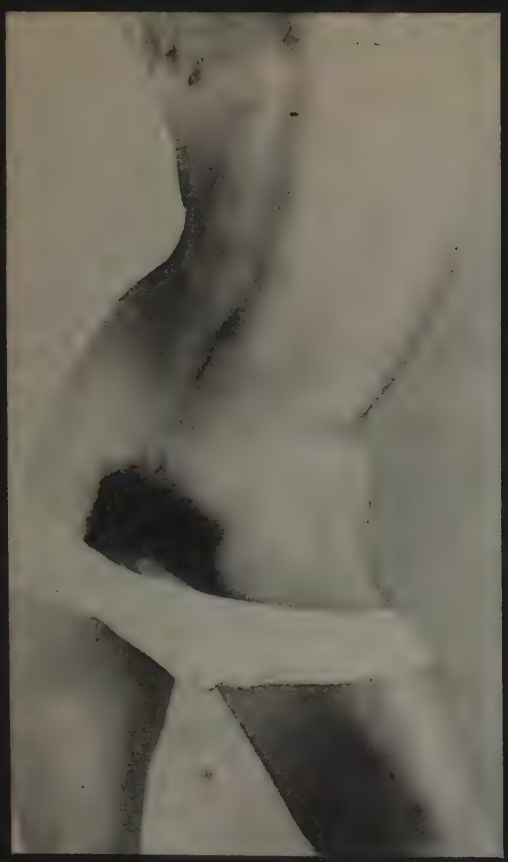

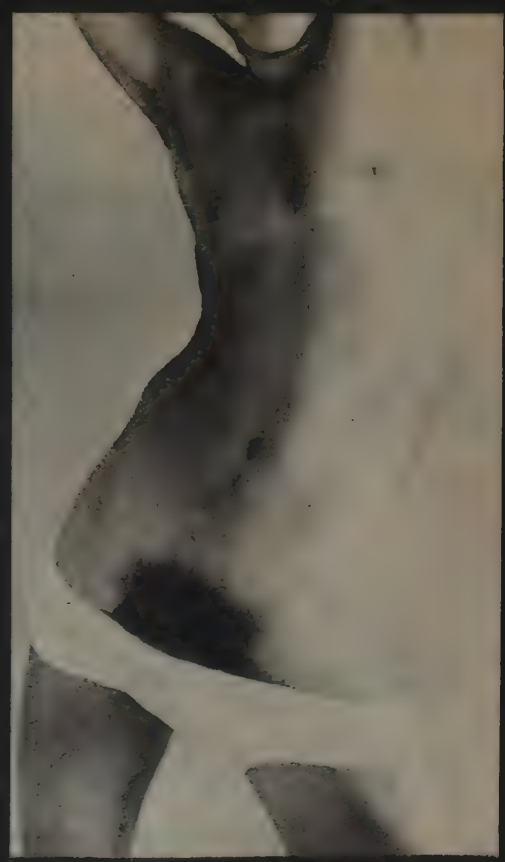

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# SENSORY OVERLOAD

PHOTO BY BILL BRENNAN

# How to stuff your basket

by Grayson Sherman

Here comes summer! With that in mind our thoughts turn to: cutoffs, swim suits, cool drinks, tanlines and of course the ever popular Picnic.

For those of you that associate the word picnic with stale sandwiches, warm potatoe salad and copious numbers of obscure relatives that you had to be nice to I present for your enjoyment and delight a picnic that is how shall I put it? More adult in nature. Depending on the setting this event could be a romantic interlude that sets the stage for seduction or an elegant front yard affair for friends. The kitchen time is kept to a minimum, and the skills required next to nil. This cold buffet style meal is elegant yet simple to prepare. Start with the cooler style drinks, followed by the chilled cucumber soup. Move on to the Chicken Breasts in Aspic with Paté Stuffing and haricot Verts en Vinaigrette. Then the piece de resistance - Tarte aux Fraise, accompanied by a nice bottle of your favorite bubbly. (NOTE - A wine has been suggested to accompany each of these courses, these are only suggestions and can be replaced by your personal favorites.) What you do after dessert is your own affair. Bon appetite!

**Blue Angel**

(Note: this recipe is for one drink, multiply for number of guests)

½ oz. Amarreto
1 oz. Blue Curacao
1 oz. Vodka
3 oz. Limeade (from frozen concentrate)
squeeze of fresh lime

Mix with first 4 ingredients in a tall glass and add crushed ice. Serve with a twist of lime.

**Cucumber soup**

3 lg cucumbers
4 tomatoes skinned
1 sm green pepper
1 sm red pepper
1 clove of garlic
1 small onion chopped very fine
5 cups of chicken stock
½ tsp salt
¼ tsp white pepper
½ cup dry white wine

Peel the cucumbers, and remove the seeds, then grate the pulp coarsely. Place in a large glass bowl or a container suitable for transporting. Chop the tomatoes and add to the bowl. Remove the seeds and the membrane from the peppers and chop coarsely. Add to container. Add the remaining ingredients and mix. Chill before serving. This makes about 6 servings.

Suggested wine to accompany: Moreau Blanc $3.80 a bottle.

**Chicken Breasts in Aspic with Paté Stuffing**

(Serving suggestion: accompany this dish with fresh croissants and cold fresh butter.)

6 chicken breasts
4 cups chicken stock
½ cup dry white wine
1 med onion (chopped)
1 stalk celery with leaves (chopped)
1 med carrot (chopped)
1 bay leaf
¼ tsp thyme
2 sprigs parsley
salt
pate stuffing (see following recipe)

Glaze
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1¼ cups chicken stock
¼ cup dry white wine

Garnish
Lightly cooked snow peas and shrimp. Shrimp mayonnaise (recipe follows).

In a large saucepan, cover chicken breasts with stock and wine. Add onion, celery, carrot, bay leaf, thyme, parsley and salt to taste. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer until chicken is tender (do not overcook). About 20 min. Remove from heat and let chicken cool in broth. Strain off the broth and skim off the fat; reserve broth for the glaze. Remove skin and bone from the chicken breasts. Spread the underside of the breast with about two tablespoons of the paté stuffing. Cover stuffed breasts with plastic wrap and chill about one hour.

To make the glaze, in a small saucepan sprinkle gelatin over the chicken broth; dissolve thoroughly over medium heat. Add the wine. Chill in refrigerator, stirring occassionally until the consistency of egg whites. Spoon the glaze over the stuffed chicken breasts and cover evenly. Decorate with the snow peas and shrimp. Work quickly so glaze does not thicken. (If glaze should thicken, place in a bowl of warm water until desired consistency is attained.) Press the garnish lightly and cover with more glaze. Chill one hour and serve with Shrimp Mayonnaise.

Suggested wine to accompany: Pinot Blanc (Huegel)

**Paté Stuffing**

½ lb chicken livers
1 tbsp butter
1 small onion (minced)
1 clove garlic (minced)
1 tbsp brandy
¼ tsp salt
dash of the following: pepper, thyme, allspice, rosemary and parsley
¼ cup chicken stock
¼ cup soft butter

Cut livers in half; cook in butter just until no pink remains. Add the minced onion and garlic; cook until soft. Add the brandy and seasonings. Transfer to food processor or blender and blend with stock until smooth, and add butter. Taste and adjust seasonings to taste. Refrigerate until firm. Makes about one cup.

**Shrimp Mayonnaise**

1 cup mayonnaise (not miracle whip)
1 tsp parsley (minced)
1 tbsp fresh dill (or equal amount of dried)
2 tsp fresh lemon juice
¼ cup cooked baby shrimp

Combine all ingredients, blending until mixed well, Chill. Makes about 1 cup.

**Haricots Vert en Vinaigrette**

1 lb fresh green beens
½ cup slivered almonds
½ lb fresh mushrooms

Cook beans in boiled salted water just until tender crisp. Refresh under cold running water; drain thoroughly. Chop mushrooms and reserve.

Vinaigrette
2 tbsp white wine vinegar 2 shallots finely chopped
1 small clove of garlic (minced)
1 tbsp fresh basil (or 1 tsp dried)
salt and pepper to taste
½ cup olive oil

Whisk together vinaigrette ingredients, mix into beans. Add mushrooms and chill for two hours.

Drain salad and place in container suitable for transporting. Save dressing and take along in separate container, when ready to serve top with almonds and top with reserved dressing.

**Tarte aux Fraises**

1 9" pastry shell
1 egg plus 1 egg yolk
¼ cup sugar
3 tbsp flour
pinch of salt
1 envelope of unflavored gelatin
1 tsp vanilla
1 cup hot milk (half and half for creamier custard)
1 cup heavy cream

In a heavy 2 to 3 quart saucepan off the heat beat the egg, the extra yolk and the sugar with a wire whisk, rotary or electric beater until the mixture thickens and turns a pale yellow. Add the flour and salt and beat until well blended. Beat in the powdered gelatin and vanilla; then slowly pour the hot milk in a thin stream, beating constantly. Cook over moderate heat, stirring with a

whisk, until smooth and thick. Do not allow the custard to boil, if it seems to be getting too hot, lift the pan off the heat for a few seconds to cool it. If the custard gets lumpy, beat it with a rotary beater or an electric mixer. Pour the custard in a large metal bowl and set to cool in the refrigerator to cool. When the custard is cool and has begun to solidify slightly whip the cream until it holds soft peaks. Fold it thoroughly into the custard with a rubber spatula and beat gently if there are lumps. At once, pour or spoon the custard into the pastry shell.

**Currant Glaze**

1 cup red currant jelly
1 tbsp hot water
1 tbsp kirsch
1 to 1½ quarts large ripe strawberries cleaned and stemmed
small amount of gelatin

Currant Glaze: In a small saucepan, warm the jelly and hot water over low heat, stirring occasionally, until they begin to froth and thicken. Whisk in gelatin and remove from heat, stir in the kirsch and let the glaze cool a bit. Meanwhile, arrange the strawberries on the custard, stem side down and in concentric circles. Spoon the warm glaze over the berries. Chill at least two hours (overnight is recommended). Serve with additional whipped cream if desired.

Suggested wine to accompany:
Henkell Trocken
Moet & Chandon Brut Imperial

CITIES

## CITY CELEBRATION

Downtown Edmonton will be a big celebration not to be missed during the eleven days and nights of the Universiade. Along with murals and animated street decorations, live acts will be performed, revitalizing the concrete canyons of the city. Shows will not be restricted to stages, but will take to the streets, gathering an audience along the way.

Marilyn Wood, New York choreographer, who inspired this grand event, is well known for her CELEBRATION performances in Iran, Tokyo, Australia and the States. Since most of us live and work in the city, her ideas form a mental fitness program designed to tune up our awareness and help us to enjoy our environment.

We call this program, CITY CELEBRATION and it is one of the many Kaleidoscope cultural events. We feel we can offer the professional performer a unique opportunity to create and perform in an unusual outdoor setting. Much of the groundwork is provided with special creative and technical services available, as well as the collaboration and participation of the community.

With over 200,000 visitors in the city during July, downtown Edmonton will be teeming with potential audiences for these free events. There will be a large amount of publicity and media coverage.

Forty amateur and professional groups and individuals have already offered their talents into making the event an exciting celebration. City Celebration hopes you can join us.

For more information, contact: Don Stein 422-8434, Rosemarie Baumgartner 422-7373.

## IT'S OUR PARTY AND WE'LL...

by Lawrence Kramer

What happens when 700,000 people invite 200,000 people for a party? Be in Edmonton July 1-11 and find out. This city will do anything to grab the limelight, and it seems that sports is the attention-getter Edmonton has perfected to an art. Just look at all the publicity we got with the Commonwealth Games, the Grey Cup and the Oilers.

An organization called "Universiade City Celebration" (U.C.C.) is throwing five big parties all guaranteed to be unusual and slightly bizarre.

First date to mark on your calendar is July 2 — the "Beach Party". This quasi-California retreat will take place on the former Tegler Building site (102 St. and 102 Ave). and should be one hell of a good time. The entire site will be covered with sand complete with sandcastles, beachballs, jugglers juggling frisbees and thousands of people dancing. Set this all off with a backdrop mural of people suntanning painted on a building and you'll almost hear the waves. This bash kicks off at 6 p.m. with the launching of a huge inflatable lobster. So "teen queens and guys in blue jeans" put on some Beach Boys records and start practising the swim or something.

The second little surprise the U.C.C. has prepared is a noon hour frolic called the "Red Tape Dance". This will take place in a most apropos area - in front of the City Hall. There's enough red tape inside this building that the organizers felt that covering the front of the building with red tape and throwing a party wouldn't seem at all out of place. There will be a dance group performing under the direction of choreographer Brian Webb and music will be provided by "Voice". Since the U.C.C. is big on kick-offs and finales they're going to provide several people in the audience with helium filled balloons which have red tape attached to them to let fly at the end of the show.

On July 6 at 7:30 p.m. our southern sister — Calgary, is throwing a "Ballet Party" in the park adjacent to the Royal Bank Building (102 St. & Jasper Ave.) The Calgary Ballet Co. is going to perform in front of a giant mural of Midsummer's Night Dream/Ballerina theme painted on the side of the bank building. Black ties and tails are optional attire for this event although wearing a tutu and doing "pas de deux" up and down Jasper Avenue may be frowned upon — I'm sure we've all seen "the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies" before.

"Crypto Sequitur" is not the name of Jacques Cousteau's boat, it is however the name used to describe organized pandemonium which will occur throughout the downtown area on July 7 from 11 p.m. until midnight. During this time professional mountain climbers will scale 30 storey buildings, musicians will play on rooftops , there will be dancing in the streets, travelling music, and large videos in the Centennial Library windows. The best place from which to view the most activities would be the south plaza of the library facing the Westin Hotel since this is where filming crews will be set up to record it all for posterity.

The grand finale party — "The Big Bash" happens on July 9 from 8 p.m. until midnight on the Rice Howard Mall (101A St. between Jasper Ave. & 102 Ave.) To set the stage for this event there will be numerous different lighting effects, films shown on the sides of buildings, bands, dances, and a good old-fashioned street party complete with food and liquor service. This party should be a real cruising haven and should keep us all very busy staring, fantasizing, etc. because it's been my experience in Edmonton that where there's booze, there's boys.

No party would be complete without decorations, so busy little elves (and no doubt fairies) have been sewing all winter and have created over 3,000 banners to adorn our lamp posts, giant decorated wind socks and huge inflatables to fly from our buildings, banners to stretch across our streets, and loud, colorful laundry to hang in our back alleys.

Every party should have surprises — so the U.C.C. is staging "startle events" at various locations throughout downtown, just to keep things interesting. May I caution you that although you may think of something which would undoubtedly startle a great number of people, check with the U.C.C. before attempting your surprise; we wouldn't want hospital emergency wards filled with little old ladies suffering coronaries or to hear about your little venture on an open line radio program for the next ten years.

CUISINE

## AND YOU THOUGHT TRICKS WERE FOR KIDS

by Paul Compassi

Are you tired of effete eateries that promise recycled vibres from Paris, Rio or the gutters of Chicago? It does get bothersome to decide what personality to use for a simple eat out. Remember those carefree days when as a child mom and dad dragged you to the nearby restaurant and oh you thought it was such a thrill? Dust off those memories and throw away the continental passport, Bullwinkle's has opened.

Bullwinkle's at 12910 Fort Road (at Belvedere LRT station) is a cartoon inspired fantasyland, that fills the void between Macdonald's and Chez Ritz. Designed as a family fun center it has much to offer for the adventuresome young single.

Upon walking in two smiling misses greet you, both of them wearing red Mountie jackets. Above them is a board listing the many foods and spirits available. A jug of draught beer goes for $6. A reasonable selection of wine and 'Underdog' heroic sandwiches can tickle the palate. Their Famoose pizza gets my vote, billed as a 'deep dish double crusted stuffed pizza', it's the best tasting concoction east of the Rockies.

After ordering and paying for your meal they give you tokens or Bullwinkle coins where you can play in the games room while your food is being prepared. (Go and get it cafeteria style). The games room holds a varied selection of video and arcade games and by playing them it helps build up an appetite and release those pent up suburban frustrations.

A souvenir shop is present where all sorts of neat little treasures are available. Buy your beau some moose gum or Natasha lollipops. The main eating hall is huge and has two seating levels. Done up like a Las Vegas version of backwoods cabin it has polished picnic tables, padded seats and subdued lighting.

A stage dominates the room with a large water tank positioned in front of it. The star attraction is the water show or fountain follies. Every 5 minutes or so the lights dim, a soundtrack comes on and water pirouettes to an eclectic selection of music. From Broadway melodies and Swan Lake to Deodato thumping out a disco version of Star Wars. Next up for entertainment the stage show where Bullwinkle and Rocky along with a host of other oversized puppets sing silly songs that tantalize the kids and parents alike.

The water shows will change every three months. So for one year there will be approximately sixty different musical offerings. The stage shows will have 32 different acts to go on per year.

The idea of holding a fun environment for kids and adults came from Santa Clair,California. The original owner influenced by the success of Disneyland first opened a Bullwinkle's in 1981. The idea worked and the owners have now expanded to Western Canada. In about a year from now a southside location will be opened.

Though I found the food a bit pricey, the novel approach Bullwinkle's offers more than makes up for the cost.

CREATIONS

## RUN FOR THE ROSES

by M. Palck

June exemplifies the innocence of summer...carefree, happy and lighthearted. This is traditionally the month for pearls, roses and of course June weddings.

If you find yourself in the situation of having been invited to a June wedding we at FINEPRINT are here to offer advice.

First of all you will want the perfect gift. Steer clear of such passé items as Robert Coupe food processors, spice racks, food dehydrators, his and his monogrammed towels, pillow cases or bathrobes. Desirable items (even though you may only be a store clerk or shampoo girl), would be anything large bearing the names of Lalique, Rosenthal, Boheme, DeBeers or Cartier.

Next in line of importance to the gift would be your attire. For those of you leaning towards a feminine look to ensure a stunning entrance one should never think of wearing knickers, flowers in your hair, paisley prints, sparkly hose, leather miniskirts, fortrel tunic and slack sets, purple, or anything undesigner.

If Alexis Carrington Colby has always been **your** fashion idol might we suggest a wide-brimmed hat strategically dipped over one eye and a black and white suit with padded shoulders. A double breasted hip length box jacket and a straight skirt will complete the outfit very smartly. Pearls added will set the tone for elegant understatement.

Now, if dresses are more along your line, decollage or V-backs are back in style, and crinoline skirts emphasizing a tiny waist.

Whatever your choice, remember there is nothing like a camisole to make you feel truly feminine.

Accessories have always been a problem. So what are the proper accessories? Simple clutch purses are very in and remember bags and shoes don't have to match anymore. Although it is extremely important to ensure that your hose match your outfit. This year the "Cameo Bridal Collection" offers a wider range of subtle shades that accentuate just so. Please keep in mind that when wearing strappy sandals be sure to wear sandal foot hose.

Bouffant hairdos are making a big comeback, therefore a perky pillbox would make a stunning combination. As well, gloves are the rage. Wrist-length is very appropriate, but nothing higher than three buttons.

What would create the ultimate "faux pas" in apparel would be anything worn in leather, white or black on its own.

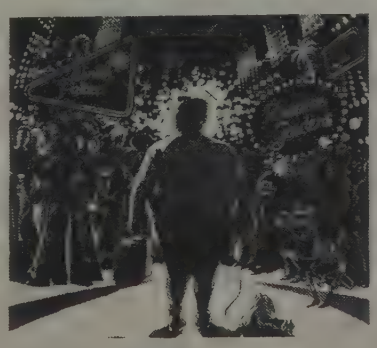
If you find yourself in the position of having to dress in the masculine role, fashion dictates that formal wear should be classic. Keep in

mind men, dress should be adaptable. For a relaxed yet subtle look, a cashmere cardigan spiced up with pearl buttons, accompanied by a detachable wing-collared cotton shirt and silk bow tie would make any man feel comfortable in a casual garden type wedding. If however, the wedding rivals that of Chuck and Di's or perhaps merits a five minute follow-up on Entertainment Tonight and if your chance comes for you to step into the E.T. spotlight then nothing less than a satin-lapelled velvet tuxedo, cotton and silk shirt, satin tie, silk vest and cashmere socks will do. Even though this outfit may set you back about $3000.00 remember what Andy Warhol said - everyone should be a star for at least 15 minutes.

Modes of behavior are crucial if you intend to be considered a leader in your fashion circle. A few tips to keep in mind are: never spit in the bride's face as she bends over to kiss the groom. Never let your nails or false eyelashes fall into the cheese dip at the reception, and never farmer snot outside the church.

We hope these suggestions will help made your June month of weddings successful.

## COVERS



## THE LONG (AND GLORIOUS) WEEKEND OF RAYMOND (AND BINGO) OBLONGH

by Kenneth Dyba

Join Raymond (fourty-four, 340 lbs.), and his dog Bingo (seventeen, two good legs) on their very first trip to the Big City in search of *Paradise*. Meet MOM OBLONGH (what's in that mysterious basement room?), IKE BIG BALLS (what's in that elusive silver packet?), PRINCESS WINTER and her BUTCH BRIGADE (what's she got that Ike desperately wants?) - along with FAST FOSTER, SHADES LOUISE, BIFF ADONIS and the unforgettable MR. ALICE, a finely-feathered transvestite who befriends them. As Raymond and Bingo blunder through this bizarre carnival of decadent debauchery, one vision shimmers before their eyes -beauteous, doomed ALBERTA ROSE, bedraggled bud of feminine innocence, valiantly striving to bloom in this grotesque garden of beastly delights. A decidely flamboyant, fast, flashy and funny extravaganza by the author of **Sister Roxy** and **Lucifer and Lucinda**, as well as other outrages.

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

This is Kenneth Dyba's third published novel. Born in Nordegg, Alberta, he grew up in Calgary where his interest was captured by the theatre and movies. He has worked with the Bristol Old Vic, adjudicated for Theatre Canada, and is well-known as a director and playwright for both stage and radio. His latest, **The Sun Runner**, was produced this spring in Toronto. He lives in Toronto and is working on two biographies, a play and a new novel, **Crimson Lake**, which has already been excerpted in fifteen journals.

## THE INSATIABLE

by Karyn Chopik

My vocabulary does not contain
your grand annunciations
my words convulsive
not seductive subliminal
as your own
you are chrysanthemum
cultivated smooth petals
an artists palette
as white oil to red turns pink
you are pink
I am black
fragments of suppression
daggered violent violets
and dissension.

## SO YOU WANT TO BE A LESBIAN IN VANCOUVER

continued from page 6

but a way of venting anger, nevertheless.

As I walk around town with my trendy knapsack I sometimes wonder if I'm being a parody or merely comfortable. I have yet to utilize the ski and sea landscape of the city serially, but perhaps one day a friendly Edmontonian will inspire me to do so. There is so much to do in the city, physically and politically.

The issues of collective unity in the gay community still exist and there doesn't seem to be a rush towards an understanding. It will take an issue that collectively threatens our status as gay men and gay women to bring us closer together. Until then, my friend Ken, and my roommate Richard, will help me to understand the problems of gay men and I in turn will enlighten them.

This afternoon Ken and I are going out for croissants and California orange juice (Florida orange juice is still a no-no in the laidback capital of Canada), my knapsack is packed with Ruth Simpson, Kate Millet and a couple travel brochures—you can only be so serious.

## COMINT OUT

continued from page 8

help. I suggested my friend Helen, the one with a gay son. "No," she said sharply. "I need a professional. I think I'm going to have a breakdown."

I wrote down the name and number of a good psychologist and also of my friend and gave them both to her. We talked a bit more, about me, mostly — my family, my work, my friends, how I survive as a gay man. Then she left.

A wise counsellor once told me that when she feels depressed at the end of a session with a client, she knows her client is depressed. Well, that's how I felt. Depressed. Audrey seemed lower than on her first visit. Whatever spunk she then had now seemed to have disappeared. No support was reaching her. Her "business as usual" veneer had deprived her of the opportunity to share and explore her feelings with anyone close to her, and she was desolate: isolated, dismal, confused and depressed.

But, then, Audrey is an unusual woman. Alone with her options, she elected to take command of things herself. She didn't call the therapist. No yet, anyway. Instead she called Helen. And they talked. Since then they have met several times, exchanging experiences and awarenesses, matching myth with facts, comparing feelings.

"I still have a long way to go," Audrey explained, "but I'm not going it alone. I'm angry at Henry for leaving it to me to come out for him to the family — and I told him so! But, when all is said and done we are still a family ... the same family we always were. Only we've become more honest with each other. Still the same strengths. Still the same failings. Still the same love."

(The above article is based on a composite of several experiences over the past three years.)

## ACROSS THE ABYSS

continued from page 9

over?' He couldn't. It was that leonine pride. Let the other guy do the gambling, commit himself, then you could be sure of the interest. Lance just couldn't handle rejection and so did nothing but decorate the bar. He felt the chasm widening. The night dragged on, colder once again. His brooding eyes grew remote, his handsome features turned to stone.

Chad could feel the change, the chill. 'Did I goof up? Was I acting too piss-elegant? Too femme?' He began to worry a little but still maintained his interest. 'Why doesn't he talk to me?' he thought. 'I know he likes me. Or, at least, he did.' Chad decided to stop staring so much, looking instead to the dancers, smiling often, his youthful enthusiasm still intact. His splendid profile a visual feast.

'Look at him!' thought Lance. 'Already he's lost interest. I wonder who he's watching on the floor. Who's that smile for now? And what the hell do I care! The kid owes me nothing. I don't even know him. This is crazy! I'm mooning over some chicken who doesn't even know I'm alive. Or care. Who cares? No one in this place. No one anywhere? Probably not, so save your juices, fellow, and stop wasting your time.' His depression clamped down hard with part of his mind bathed in anger, disgusted with himself for daring to hope. Raging over wasted time, he crashed landed hard after the fantasy. 'If only the guy had said hello'.

'Screw this place and all the shallow sub-entities it camouflages! To hell with all these pseudo-friends and pretty boys! Beat it, guy, you've had it!'

Lance launched himself from the bar and pushed his way through the crowd, raising eyebrows as he went, saying 'good-night' to no one. Lost in despair he disappeared into the night, the noise and the light receding behind him.

Chad watched him go with a sinking feeling in his chest. He moved after him a little to clear his view. Lance went straight to the door and didn't look back. Chad paused in a turmoil of indecision.

'If I stay I miss the adventure of knowing him. Such men shouldn't be lost. But if I follow and he tells me to get lost —. I don't even know if he was interested, I mean really know. Maybe I imagined the whole damn thing. What a crazy game! Make a decision, kid, and hurry — he's putting distance between you. Well, maybe I'd better forget the whole thing. Still — I know it would have been great. Why didn't I say 'hello' or something.'

Outside the chilly early morning wind caressed Lance as his footsteps echoed hollow on the sidewalk. He felt a little better now, his feverish thoughts falling into better perspective. He vowed to go easy on himself in the future. None of this really matters so much, he tried to tell himself. Just before he turned the corner, he became aware of the sound of someone running behind him. Someone coming out of the dark space he'd left behind.

## TWO FRIENDS

continued from page 10

Gary, for being able to tell me that you loved me. I envied you. I could never say that to another man. Not then. Not in 1961. But I did love you, and I still do. I am gay, Gary, and I shall love you forever...

I ran across this entry in an old journal. I don't know who wrote it, nor do I remember when I copied it or where I found it. Somehow it seems pertinent:

"Man finds himself by finding his place, and he finds his place by finding appropriate others that need his care and that he needs to care for. Through caring and being cared for, man expresses himself as part of nature; we are closest to a person or an idea when we help it grow. There is a rock-bottom quality about the living of my life that goes, oddly enough, with the awareness of life's inexhaustible depths; it is as if life is ordinary and "nothing special" when it is most extraordinary. And, although we find a deep-seated intelligibility in life, the last word is with the unfathomable character of existence which, like a pedal point in a piece of music, pervades and colors it."

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FINEPRINT staff will be in Vancouver on Saturday July 9, 1983, to establish our Vancouver office.

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* Paul Parker courtesy of Linkage Productions.

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## ALBERTA

### PROVINCIAL

**Alberta Lesbian and Gay Rights Association** (ALGRA), Box 1852, Edmonton, T5J 2P2.

### EDMONTON

**Dignity Edmonton Dignite**, Box 53, T5B 2B7, (403) 469-4286.
**Edmonton Gay Chorus and Friends**, c/o M. Phair, (403) 426-1516.
**Edmonton Roughnecks Recreational Association**, c/o GATE, Volleyball, softball, gymnastics.
**FINEPRINT**, Box 3822, Stn. D. (403) 488-8787. Newspaper for and by the Gay Community.
**Gay Alliance Toward Equality, (GATE)**, Box 1852, T5B 2P2, Office - 10173 - 104 St. (403) 424-8361. Info and Counselling. Mon.-Sat. 7-10 pm. Sun. 2-5 pm. Coffee houses, socials, newsletter, resource library.
**Gay Fathers**, For info call (403) 424-8361.
**Gay Study Group**, c/o M. Phair, (403) 426-1516. Monthly.
**Gay Youth**, for info call (403) 439-4469.
**Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 1312, T5J 2M8, (403) 482-4213. Worship Sun. 7:30 pm, Unitarian Church, 12530 - 110 Ave.
**Privacy Defense Committee**, Box 1852, T5J 2P2.
**Royalist Social Society of Northern Alberta**, (Imperial Court Of The Wild Rose) 10820 - 83 Ave.
**Womonspace**, #7 - 8406 - 104 St., T6E 4G2, (403) 433-3559 (Jeanne) or (Louise) (403) 488-2290 Social and recreational group for lesbians.

### CALGARY

**Apollo**, #3, 1540 - 29 Ave., S.W. T2T 1M3.
**Camp 181 Association**, Box 965 Stn. T, T2H 2H4. Dances, Campouts, Sports and other activities for gays.
**Calgary Gay Leisure Link (CGLL)**, Box 1812 Stn. M, T2P 2L8
**Calgary Lambda Centre Society**, Box 357 Stn. M, T2P 2H9.
**Calgary Gay Fathers**, Contact GIRC for info. (403) 234-8973.
**Dignity/Calgary**, Box 1492, Stn. T, T2H 2H7.
**Frontrunners Group**, (gay AA). Box 181, Stn. M, T2P 2M7.
**Gay Information and Resources Calgary**, Old Y Bldg., Suites 317-323, 223 - 12 Ave. S.W. T2P 0G9. (403) 234-8973. Info and counsellings Mon. - Fri., 7-10 pm. Dances, discussion groups, newsletter, gay rights action. Box 2715, Stn. M, T2P 3C3.
**Gay Political Action Committee**, Box 2943, Stn. M, T2P 3C3. Education and Lobbying.
**Imperial Court of the Chinook Arch**, (403) 282-6393, Entertainment and Social events.
**Integrity** (Gay Anglicans and Friends), Box 34, Stn. G, T3A 2G1.
**Lambda Centre, Community Centre Project**, Box 357, Stn. M, T2P 2H9.
**Lesbian Information Line**, (403) 265-9458, Tues.-Fri. 8-10 pm with 24 hour answering service. Operated by Womyn's Collective.
**Lesbian Mothers**, Lynn at (403) 264-6328 or (403) 275-8362 or call Lesbian Information Line.
**Lesbian Outreach and Support Team**, Box 6093, Stn. A, T2H 2L4 (403) 281-2895.
**Lesbian and gays at the University of Calgary, Students Club**, MacEwan Hall, U of C, T2N 1N4.
**Metropolitan Community Church**, 204 - 16 Ave., N.W., T2M 0H4. (403) 277-4004, Services, Sunday 11:30 am & 7:00 pm at above address.
**Right to Privacy Committee**, Box 2943, Stn. M, T2P 0H4. Info on gays and the law. Legal referral.
**Womyn's Collective**, (403) 265-9458, Dances, library, lesbian drop-ins every Tues.

### RED DEER

**Gay Association of Red Deer**, Box 356, T4N 5E9.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

### PROVINCIAL

**Gays and Lesbians in the United Church in B.C.**, Box 46586, Stn. G, Vancouver, V6R 4G8. (603) 734-5355. Support and educational resources.
**Rural Lesbian Association**, R.R.1, Ruskin, B.C., V0N 1R0.

### KAMLOOPS

**Thompson Area Gay Group**, Box 3343, V2C 6B9. Welcomes women/men to regular meetings, discussions, social events. Info, newsletter, peer support, friendship.

### KELOWNA

**Okanagan Gay Organization**, Box 1165, Stn. A, V1Y 7P8. Mutual support. Contact directly through Kelowna Crisis Centre.

### PRINCE RUPERT

**Gay People of Prince Rupert**, Box 881, V8J 3Y1. (604) 624-4982 (Even.)

### REVELSTOKE

**Lothlorien**, Box 2054, V0E 2S0. Info, friendship, hospitality.

### TERRACE

**Northern Lesbians**, R.R.2, Box 50, Usk Store, V8G 3Z9.

### VANCOUVER

**Alcoholics Anonymous** , (Gay) 733-4590 (men), 929-2585 (women).
**Archives Collective**, Box 3130, MPO, V6B 3X6.
**Bisexual Women's Group**, monthly meetings. Write Crystal, 3085 Charles St., V5K 3B6 or call Georgia (604) 874-1756, or Joyce, 251-6090.
**Coming Out (Gay Radio)**, c/o Vancouver Cooperative Radio, 337 Carrall St., V6B 2J4. Thurs. 6:30 pm, 102.7 MHz FM.
**Congregation Sha'ar Hayam**, Jewish gay synagogue. Box 69406, V5K 4W6. (604) 255-1076.
**Daughters Unlimited**, Joyce (604) 251-6090, Elisa, Doris, Christine (604) 254-7044 (Plans for Women's Club).
**Dignity/Vancouver**, Box 3016, V6B 3X5. (604) 684-7810.
**Gay and Lesbian Caucus of the B.C. NDP**, (604) 669-5434.
**Gayblevision**, TV show by gay people about gay life, culture and art. Regular monthly and special programs. 837 Bidwell St., V6G 2J7. (604) 689-5661.
**Gay/Lesbian Law Association**, Faculty of Law, University of British Columbia, V6T 1W5. (604) 228-4638.
**Gay Festival Society**, Box 34397, Stn. D, V6J 4P3. (604) 687-7129.
**Gay Rights Union**, Box 3130, MPO., V6B 3X6. (604) 731-9605.
**Gays/Lesbians of UBC**, Box 9, Student Union Building, U. of B.C., V6T 1W5. (604) 228-4638. Meets Thurs. at 12:30 pm.
**Greater Vancouver Business Association**, P.O. 154, 1068 Homer St. V6B 2X3.
**Knights of Malta**, Dogwood Chapter Society, Box 336 - 810, West Broadway, V5Z 1J8.
**Legal Advice Clinic**, 1244 Seymore St. (VGCC). Mon. 7:30 pm. Free advice and referrals.
**Lesbian and Feminist Mothers' Political Action Group**, Box 65804, Stn. F, V5N 5L3. (604) 251-6090.
**Lesbian and Gay Health Sciences Association**, c/o Gay People of UBC. Box 9, Student Union Bldg., UBC, V6T 1W5.
**Lesbian Drop-in**, 322 W. Hastings. Wed. 7:30 pm. (604) 684-0523.
**Lesbian Information Line**, (604) 734-1016. Thurs. Sun. 7-10 pm.
**Lesbian Mothers' Defense Fund**, c/o 1146 Commercial Dr., V5L 3X2. (604) 251-5034. Potluck brunches last Sunday of month.
**The Lesbian Show**, Co-op Radio, 337 Carrall St., V6B 2J4. 102.7 MHz FM. Thurs. 7:30 pm.
**Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 5178, V6B 4B2. (604) 681-8525. Services Sun. 7:30 pm. 1811 West 16th Ave. (at Burrard).
**Parents and Friends of Gays**, (604) 987-6027 or 988-7786.
**The Radical Reviewer**, (Lesbian/Feminist Literary Tabloid). Box 24953, Stn. C, V5T 4E3.
**Rights of Lesbians**, (Subcommittee of Federation of Women). Box 24687, Stn. C, V5T 4E6.
**Rob Joyce Legal Defense Fund**, c/o Gay Rights Union.
**Search**, c/o VGCC. Info and counselling. (604) 689-1039. 7-10 pm.
**Sherwood Forest**, non-profit gay introduction service. (604) 251-2789.
**Vancouver VD Clinic**, Rm. 100, 828 - W. 10th Ave. (604) 874-2331, Ext. 220.
**Vancouver Gay Community Centre**, (VGCC). Box 2259, 1244 Seymore St., V6B 3W2. (604) 684-6869. Services, programs, magazine.
**Vancouver Men's Chorus**, Box 48383, Bentall Centre, V7X 1A1. Ron (604) 985-5808, Larry 669-6249.
**Women in Focus**, 204 - 456 W. Broadway, V5Y 1R3. (604) 872-2250.
**Young Gay People**, c/o Search.
**Younger Lesbian Drop-in**, Every Thurs. 7-9 pm. Women's Bookstore, 322 W. Hastings.
**Zodiac Fraternal Society**, Box 33872, Stn. D, V6J 4L6.

### VICTORIA

**Alcoholics Anonymous**, (Gay). (604) 383-9862.
**Feminist Lesbian Action Group**, Box 1604, Stn. E, V8W 2X7.
**Flagrant**, Box 652, Stn. E, V8W 2P8. Lesbian Feminist.
**Gay Men's Group**, 2612 Victor St., V8R 1N3. (604) 595-6782.
**The Island Gay Community Centre Society**, 1318 Balmoral Rd., V8R 1L7. Gay Cafe at 1923 Fernwood. Thurs. till midnight, bowling, self-defense, volleyball, swimming.
**Need**, (Victoria Crisis Line), (604) 383-6323. 24 hrs. Some gay info available.
**University of Victoria Gay Focus Club**, Student Union Bldg., U of V. Box 1700, V8W 2Y2.
**Womyn's Coffee House**, 1923 Fernwood. Wed. evenings.

## DIGNITY SIXTH BIENNIAL INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

### SEATTLE, WASHINGTON SEPT. 2-5, 1983

Dignity International Sixth Biennial Convention will be held in Seattle at the Sheraton Hotel over the Labor Day weekend - September 2 to 5, 1983. The theme of the convention is "Let Us Build a City of God". Advance registration data has been mailed to all Dignity chapters.

Activities will include a welcoming 3 hour cruise on Puget Sound, Sept. 1, opening ceremonies and address Sept. 2, general assemblies and seminars Sept. 3 & 4, dinner and dance on Sept. 4. Attendance at the activities on Sept. 2 - 5, lunches and the dinner and dance are included in the registration fee of $145 US. Registrations postmarked by May 31, 1983 are $115 US.

The New Sheraton Seattle is the official convention hotel with all activities scheduled there. The rate is $50 US single and $55 US double. This rate is guaranteed for a week prior to and a week after the convention.

Registration cards and information are available from the local Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver chapters or write to Dignity Sixth Biennial Convention, P.O. Box 9658, Seattle, Washington 98109, phone (206) 282-4673.

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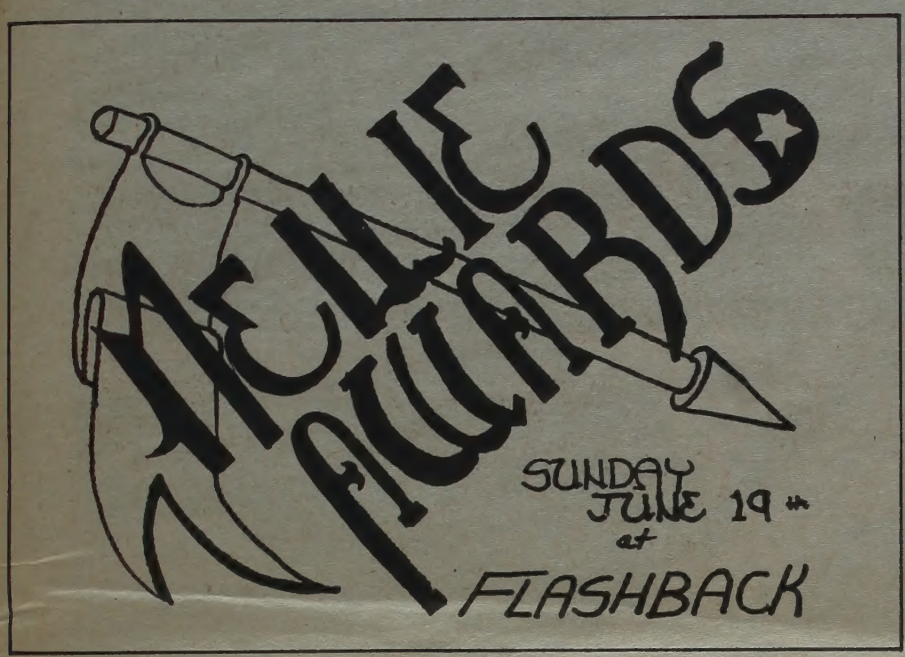
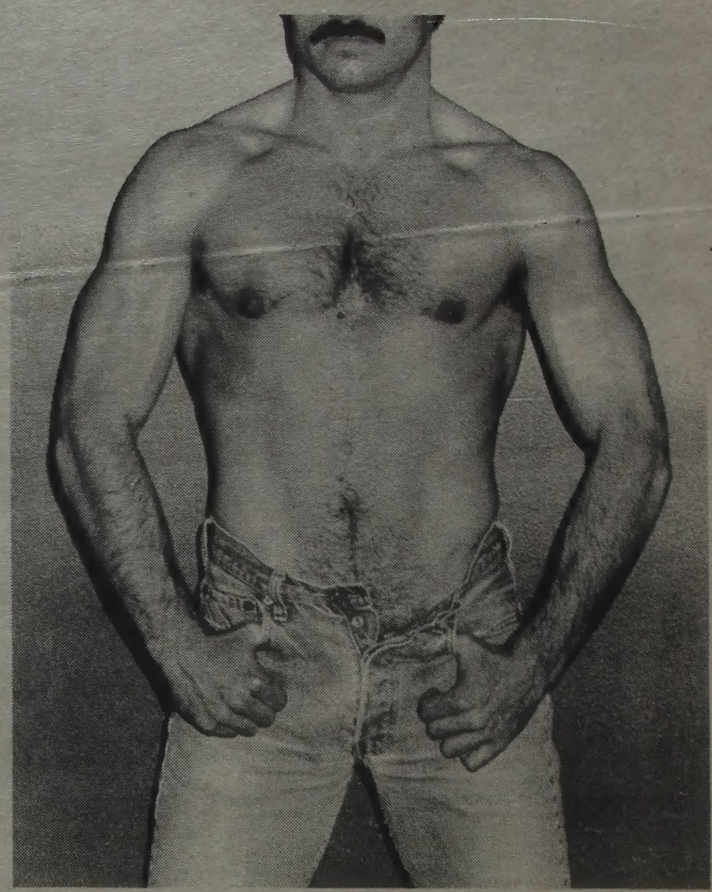
If this opportunity sounds as great to you as it really is, send a resume to: Scott McConnell, Managing Editor, FINEPRINT, Box 3822, Station D, Edmonton or phone 488-8787 for more information.




**CALGARY'S MENS BAR**



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Calgary's newest gay men's health club opens Friday, June 9 with an acute sense of style: sauna, jacuzzi, games area and tv lounge all included in Phase One.

Memberships are required and are pre-selling for $15 for six months. Included in this package is FREE ADMISSION Thursday, Friday or Saturday of the opening weekend.

Let your senses come alive and enter our draw for a trip to San Francisco.

David's is going to cause a lot of temperatures to rise! Is yours going to be one of them?

**SPECIAL MEMBERSHIPS**
Prior to June 9
1. $15 for 6 months
2. First Thursday, Friday or Saturday free.
3. Chance on a draw for a trip to San Francisco
4. $10.00 regular admission

**REGULAR MEMBERSHIPS**
After June 9
1. $15 for 6 months
2. $5 for first time use
3. $10 regular admission

Make your cheque or money order payable to Davids. Your membership card will be available June 9, 1983 at

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